

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

# rezz

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Blue  
Mills  
Juliesse  
Rust  
Mimistrobell  
rakshowes  
Boccaccio



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**About the Cover:** One favorite topic of conversation is whether aliens exist and, if so, have they contacted us. Art Blue tells us that they are among us at this very moment. Except for his missing nose and his deep cerulean blue color, this creation is proof of something. Think Blue.



“Sometimes people don't want to hear the truth because they don't want their illusions destroyed.

Friedrich Nietzsche





Syllie

Image by Syllie





# The Adoption

rakshowes



She became conscious and while still considerably dazed could hear the angry crash of the waves and the smell of the dank weedy air sharp with salt. She tried to move but her body refused, held down by a force unfamiliar to her. Even her strong tail refused to move as she lay prone on the beach. She remembered the violence of the storm, huge waves and whirlpools of undercurrents tossing her like a cork, but before that as she struggled to focus, she could remember nothing.

She fell into sleep and was awakened by the warm sun soaking into her body. The waves had subsided into the distance but were still crashing and thundering hollowly, stirred by those unimaginable forces of the Deep. She moved her eyes and then her arms and with utmost determination managed to sit. The sight was of dereliction; broken timbers, trees and branches, piles of steaming green and red seaweed dotted with Moon jellyfish, so poorly, dying under the sun. The once beautiful beach, storm ravaged, had become a war field of debris, filled with everything the sea had chosen to spit out in its fury.

The feeling came slowly back through her as her bruised and battered body made itself apparent, the pain increasing as it woke. With closed eyes she mentally surveyed herself

internally examining every part in detail, traveling viscerally through damaged bone and tissue, a survival ability all Mermaids had, but when she moved lower to her tail she struggled for air as the reality punched through her disbelief – the damage so severe it should be fatal as her strong tail had been cleaved in two and without finding her fin, she knew she would never be able to swim again. Never be able to hunt, never be able to feed or to explore the oceans, this being an instinctive need to her. Her eyes snapped open in the horror of it and now looking for what would be a mangled, useless, mess saw something even more abhorrent.

When she saw it, she blinked, and in disbelief looked around at the beach as if rechecking everything she had seen before had remained the same. Still, she saw the devastation around her, unchanged. With acute trepidation she forced her eyes back to her tail. What she saw shocked her to the core as now two fleshy stumps extended from her waist, ugly joints protruding, and at the foot of them, bony appendages were attached in a most obscene way. She cried out at the horror of it and flopped back to the sand as all strength failed her. She had fainted.

Her eyes flickered open and feeling her body more alive than before sat up easily even though the many pains it



brought made her wince, gasping for air. The tide was advancing and instantly she knew the danger; that she could no longer swim and would be at the sea's mercy. She looked again at the remaining stumps of her tail and taking a sharp intake of breath she could barely accept the view. Even though there was something familiar about them as hard as she tried, she could not make a connection to her memories. It was as if everything prior to the storm had been obliterated.

The waves spread closer to her and forced her to move those unfamiliar stumps but even while trying to crawl she knew something was dreadfully wrong, that they had no movement in them as much as she tried. She closed her eyes and mentally travelled again inside her body through those familiar parts of herself and after a pause moved into the unfamiliar territory of her stumps. Their anatomy was so alien she had to travel back and forth retracing her examinations many times before understanding their workings. It was clear that of her original tail, no parts remained and those connections, nerves, ligaments, and muscles that made her tail so strong, and sensitive were not attached to the stumps. Her mind was shocked reeling under the internal vision of her body so terribly mutilated, but she had to do something before she was swept out to sea. After further thought and with renewed

purpose she set about joining those ugly fleshy stumps to her body.

It took much effort to mobilize tissue, taking it from one place and the rebuilding of it in another, and as she worked, she pushed the intense pain into a tiny recess of her mind. She lay very still on the sand focused and trance like as she visualized each miniscule part floating in the interstitial fluids, moving them, and finally merging them into each other. The tide continued to advance but she could not rush this intricate surgery, the splicing of her Mer core to these alien parts, cell by cell, fibre by fibre. Indeed, while inside herself she was oblivious to anything outside, a condition that made her vulnerable while repairing her wounds.

The waves lapped around her and their silky cooling touch settled her as she lay resting on her back. The deeper flows made her feel buoyant and the familiarity stirred her soul. It was time to test her work. She counted her bony appendages and was able to make them move; three on each stump, all of them moving. She pulled up her fleshy stumps bending the bony joints and while looking distasteful was pleased at her work. She rolled on her front hesitantly managing to crawl a few yards up the beach before collapsing panting and weak, a tide of pain exploding inside her, but after a short



rest continued her slow crawl willing herself until she was on the soft dry sand that the waves never reach. Under the setting sun, exhausted, she fell fast asleep.

It was dark when she woke, and on her back, she could see the stars and the white sliver of the Moon. Her body now ached all over even while still, but the acute pain inside her had eased to an ache, her advanced healing already setting the rawness of her exquisite surgery. The sea shimmered slightly under the sparse moonlight; it had settled considerably from the day before. She rested, scared to move, but she knew it would do her no good to lay there. She was parched, craving water, her tongue dry, and her cracked lips stung with salt. She crawled further until she could sit up, leaning on a rock looking down at herself. Naked, of course she felt no concern at all, Mermaids did not wear clothes and why would they while living in the Deeps. They would only spoil their graceful movements; clumsy impediments to their swimming. Her body looked ghostly in the pale moonlight and as she looked again at her stumps pulling them up and feeling the strange motion, another observation filled her with panic; her most intimate parts were now fully exposed and not protected inside her body as they would normally be. How could such a thing happen, how cruel

that she should be exposed in this way for anyone to see. She flicked in her Mer eyes that helped her to see deeply into darkness and now penetrating the dark night she could see she was alone. Her heart slowed as she gathered her senses. Cruel indeed that she should lose her beautiful tail, her strength, her dignity, and her ability to feed herself. She cried, sobbing under the Moon and the Moon looked on, his shy sliver the only witness to her mortal distress.

She did not know how long she had sat there in the dark, with her eyes wet as time seemed meaningless, but her internal antenna was quivering - a sure sign of danger. Her Mer eyes snapped in and she saw a creature some distance away. The creature also had stumps but was upright balancing easily on them as they swung back and forth. She had no idea this was even possible and something she would try later, but for the moment she stayed very still, watching intently. Even before she had come much nearer, she realized the creature seemed to be female having breasts not unlike hers but very much larger, and they bounced heavily as she moved across the uneven dry sand. As the creature approached, she shrank back as far as she could into the dark shadow cast by the rock trying vainly to cover her pale naked body. Unbelievably she came near to her and sat down on the sand. In her hand she held a glowing object



that she stared at and for the moment neither moved a muscle; one rigid in fear, the other intent and focused, a bright glow illuminating her face, but after some time the glow vanished and they both sat silently in darkness, those few yards a gulf between them.

She had to breath but even her constrained shallow breaths seemed raspy and the pounding of her heart so loud in her ears. It must surely be heard by the strange female sitting so close. She dragged through her memories but could find nothing to advise her, nothing on this creature, nothing on her nature, and unsure of her intent, just watched, shivering in the night air.

She began to ache in this position and tried to get more comfortable. One stump moved clumsily as she was not yet familiar with their movements, and her bony appendage scraped in the sand. With her Mer eyes she could clearly see the creature's face looking startled at the sudden sound. The creature reached down and illuminated her object this time brighter and it shone into the shadows blinding her instantly. With her arms over her face, she screamed in panic - a primordial wail rarely heard among Mers but she was in pain, afraid, and alone, and barely able to move, being trapped and betrayed by the frailty of her own damaged body.

The female approached nervously and dropped to the sand beside her and pulling off a garment covered her with great care. She spoke softly and reassuringly like a mother to a daughter caressing her hair gently, and tentatively her arms slowly moved away from her face. The glowing object was illuminating both so brightly that she had to blink out her Mer eyes. Her language felt familiar, but she did not understand the words. It did not matter as she felt her intent, her kindness and warmth; her antenna had stilled.

It would be much later that I would find out that she was a human and that I was in her form; human-like and yet not human, of the sea and yet now on land, lost and vulnerable. I had no recollection of the blur of travel as she took me home, other than she lived close to the sea, and barely a notion of the time during which she took care of me, helping me to drink and treating me to the things I loved like live shrimps, sometimes a Herring, still flapping, and salted kelp washed up on the beach. I even tried a sprinkling of those things humans eat, which I found were not all bad.

And as I steadily became stronger moving now upright and confident, I learned I was on my "feet" and my feet were attached to my "legs." I had done a good job attaching my legs and their



familiarity had become natural. I saw that having three toes was unique to me and always kept on my shoes in public to save humans from this view. Her friends could never guess at my past; indeed, my past was lost to me also, but my instinct was that of a Mermaid and that much would forever stay large in my heart.

omnificent hand, I was saved and became adopted. I learned of her kindness, her caring and human love. She became my Mama accepting me as I was; a lost Mer, and although she had a name, she would always simply be Mama to me.



Image by Syllie

From that terrible night on the beach caught in those enraged elemental forces that left me for dead and corporally punished by their

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# AMERKIA



MY SERVER  
MY WORLD  
MY EXIT

**K** **EXT**  
UNST



# Make Ameri

Jullianna

I'm thinking about my soul and Jesus  
and yeah I'm proud to be American,  
so I bought President Trump's leather-bound  
God Bless the USA Bible for \$59.99  
because it will be a cherished family heirloom  
for generations to come,  
even down in our cave in Idaho.

And when our canned rations are gone  
and the Patriot generator  
has cried its last cry for freedom--



# ca Pray Again

Juliesse

I know I have this Bible,  
bonus copies of the Constitution,  
the Declaration of Independence,  
the Bill of Rights,  
the pledge of allegiance,  
and the handwritten chorus to  
God Bless the USA by Lee Greenwood.

Fingering the sticky gilded pages,  
searching for the book of Revelation  
we sing to the dying amber flame  
of the sterno campfire lamp.



*glittering prince's destiny*  
*Stories*

I was born in

**KU**



PROTECTED  
ALIVE AND ...'WELL'

RDISTAN

by Jami Mills

(including an interview with the  
artist, GlitterPrincess Destiny)



The smell of gunpowder (an exploded RPG round, perhaps?) is pervasive. A choking sandstorm has finally relented, but now a bone-chilling cold has set in. Fires lit in empty oil barrels provide precious warmth, and also remind us we're in oil country. The wailing of desert jackals can be heard in the distance. A bandolier of ammunition hangs from a post nearby. Where am I? At an art gallery, wandering through *Born in Kurdistan*, an exhibit by GlitterPrincess Destiny (aka Storie's Helendale), showing through August at the Black Label Exhibitions Corner, whose LM is Eternal Possession (60, 161, 1133).

Glitter's work, which sprawls across a large, darkened exhibition space, captures the desperation and loneliness of war. But we're not surrounded by your usual rugged, bearded soldiers sharing smokes. These are young girls, some brushing their hair to look pretty. That's the nature of this war and this band of courageous women.

What is sometimes referred to as Southern Kurdistan, Kurdistan is not a sovereign country at all, but an autonomous region of 5-1/2 million people situated within northern Iraq having its own democratically elected parliament, independent of Iraq, where its own Kurdish language is spoken side by side with Arabic.



The Kurds were systematically oppressed during the Iran-Iraq war in the early 80s, but its well-known fighting force, the Peshmerga (meaning "those who face death"), expelled Saddam Hussein's army from the region in 1991, giving it some semblance of autonomy. The Peshmerga fought alongside U.S. troops during the Operation Iraqi Freedom and has had a proud heritage of fearless fighters since the days of the Ottoman Empire.

What is less reported, though, is the role that women play in the Peshmerga, and this is the focus of *Born in Kurdistan*. Glitter's





GPD: I was excited and looking forward to it really. Si [Glitter is Italian], they are. I know. A friend came last night (I wasn't here) - - she was in a sense shocked because most of my expos are of a quiet nature.

*JM: I can understand such a reaction. How did the idea for this exhibit first come to your mind?*

GPD: I try to keep up with events, and to be honest, ISIS worries me. So, I came across these girl “soldiers.”

piece is a chilling reminder of a frighteningly dangerous world, but also an artistic representation of a brutal war in which even women and children feel compelled to participate. That is the nature of this conflict, and Glitter’s stunning work brings this reality home to us.

Glitter was kind enough to share her thoughts about Born in Kurdistan with me, and so follows our interview:

*JM: First of all, thank you Glitter for meeting me here to discuss this very moving exhibit. Images of war are always very powerful and disturbing.....*







*JM: How did you come across them?*

GPD: They are all over the web, and also have been on US news. And of course they are very much notable for their courageous role in the war against the Islamic State of Iraq and Syria (ISIS).” For me, this is important.

*JM: Do they blend in with male soldiers, or are they together in an all-female group of fighters?*

GPD: These women basically train with other women, but men also have joined, just as people really from all over have joined this cause.

*JM: Is it new for women to be in the Peshmerga, or have they had a combat role for some time?*

GPD: Women have always fought - - this isn't new. These women have been fighting oppression for a long time.

*JM: The U.S. is just now starting to allow women in combat roles for the first time. I believe the U.S. is very late to allowing women to serve in this way; other countries have allowed it for a long time.*

GPD: Almost all countries train women young; however, this group is quite different.

*JM: In what way?*

GPD: In the sense that their main cause is to wipe out Isis. ISIS fears these women very much. As innocent in uniform as they appear, ISIS is terrified of these women.



*JM: They sound like ferocious fighters who are afraid of nothing.*

GPD: They are just girls, Jami - - girls who wear makeup, paint their nails, who want to look pretty if they die, but they are trained to kill, fighting for the right to be women with rights.

JM: Do you know how many women are fighting in the Peshmerga?

GPD: Probably thousands, I would guess.

*JM: Are women treated with more respect in Kurdistan compared to other Middle Eastern regions?*

GPD: Of course not, no. Iraq in general has this problem with woman sold as slaves every day. It goes on and on, but I could have chosen any women soldiers. I choose these girls and





worked four months on this piece and in a sense became close to them in my heart.

*JM: Did you communicate directly with any of the girls?*

GPD: No.

*JM: It's strange to consider that women are willing to sacrifice their lives for their country, but are not granted anything close to equal rights in their society.*

GPD: That would be impossible, really. It isn't strange really. To survive is natural. ISIS is a threat, not only in Iraq, but all countries, using rape and abuse. An increasing number of females are engaged in intellectual activities, such as poetry, literature and music. I have put here in my exhibit a poem for them. Anyway, they are an inspiration for me and so that's why I have brought forth this exhibition. I honestly wish I had time to cover brave women in all countries. This was very emotional for me, to feel these girls. It was emotionally draining for me, Jami, really.

*JM: So in a sense, is this exhibit your way of supporting those who oppose that threat, your way of raising people's consciousness?*

GPD: Most people know about ISIS, I

would imagine. I support any person or soldier who tries to defeat ISIS. I commend them.

*JM: Will you share something about your process? How you created these powerful images?*

GPD: I don't know how I have created this. I just felt them. They started to breathe inside of me.

*JM: Who did you use for the models? Where are the locations?*

GPD: I was the model, and I was happy that a few friends also modeled. "Wastelands" was one sim I used. As a matter of fact, my first photo was born there. Others were taken on stages I made, so to speak.

*JM: How long will this exhibit be*





*running?*

GPD: I would like to keep it another few weeks.

*JM: You mentioned a poem.*

GPD: Si. May i show you?

*JM: One of the girl soldiers wrote this lovely poem?*

GPD: I have seen this poem, but added words also. There is here also a portrait of Rehana.

*JM: Is Rehana the poet?*

GPD: No. She is a soldier. She is believed to be dead after killing over 500 ISIS fighters, but in truth, she is still alive.

*JM: One of the things that enhances the power of this exhibit is the terrain and some of the augmenting pieces, like oil can fires and fencing. It gives it a very authentic feeling.*

GPD: Well, i cannot take credit for designing the fences, but yes, I put them here.

*JM: You did an outstanding job creating the environment, then.*

GPD: Oh, thank you sooo much, Jami. For me here, the emotion in art is everything to me and I would hope for others also.

*JM: Is there one more thing you'd like to express about this exhibit before we go? I applaud your effort and the place in your heart from which this exhibit comes.*

GPD: Well, I would like to say only that if I had the time, I would have included women soldiers from all countries. Jami, thank you so much for this interview.

*JM: Thank you, Glitter, for taking the time out of your busy schedule to share your thoughts about this very moving exhibit. I know our readers will look forward to seeing it and hopefully many more exhibits of your work in the future.*

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# Amerkia is Great

## 2047: Calling the Debu



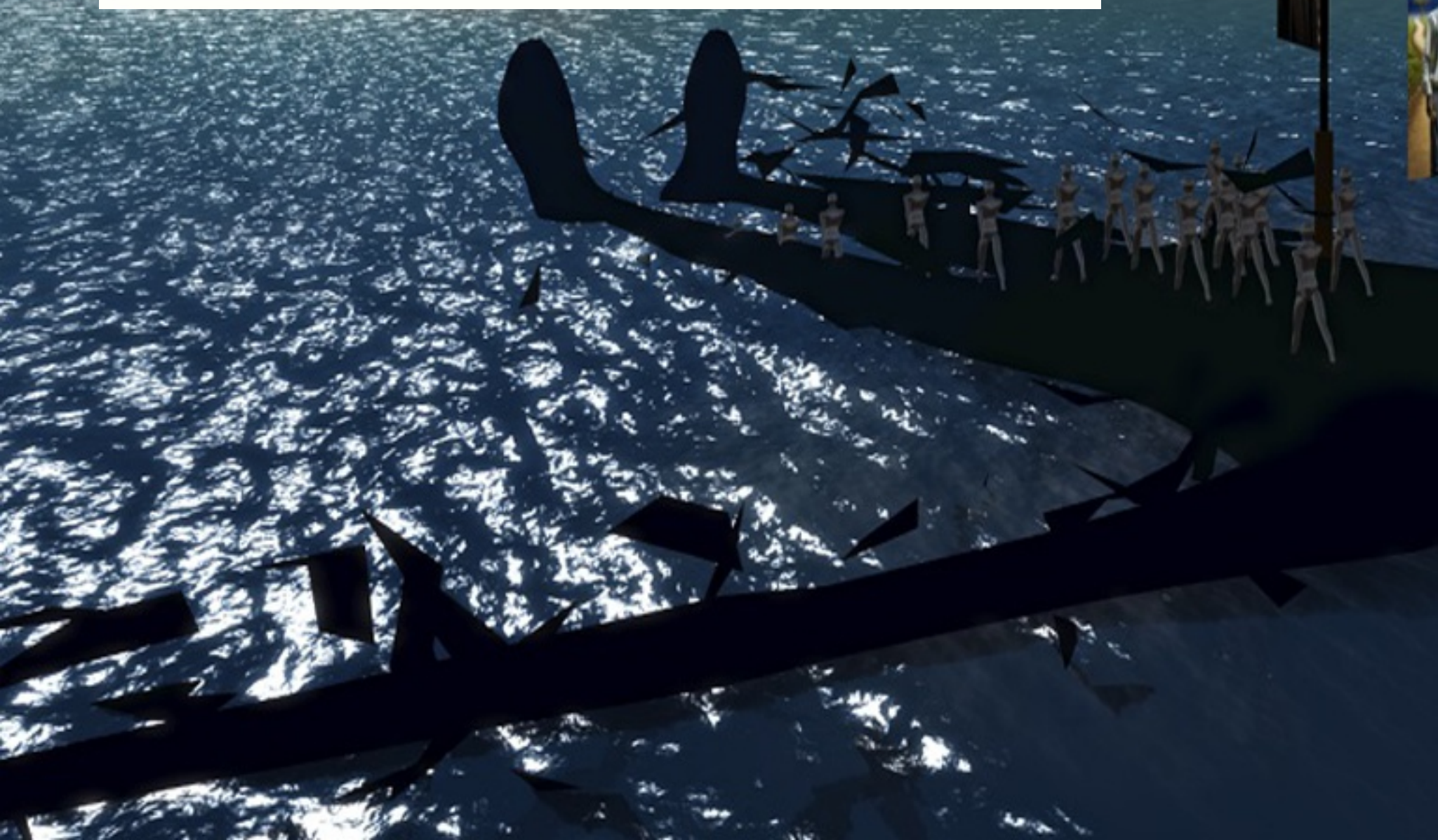
**Donald J. Trump** ✓

@realDonaldTrump

Follow



North Korean Leader Kim Jong Un just stated that the "Nuclear Button is on his desk at all times." Will someone from his depleted and food starved regime please inform him that I too have a Nuclear Button, but it is a much bigger & more powerful one than his, and my Button works!





# at Again

## ugger

by Art Blue





*“I finally discovered what's wrong with the human brain: On the left side, there is nothing right, on the right side there is nothing left.”* – The Barnum Effect seen by an AI

I am an alienist. You may say in modern words that I am a code archaeologist. I also go by an old term, one that is long forgotten, but for me it brings the knowledge of I-em-Hetep into the digital age. I am a debugger. That's an art form reaching back to the times of Assembler and FORTRAN. After all, I am a post-human. I am an alien resolver. I cure you when you run on a Halt like a Busy Beaver does. “WHAT?” I know that reaction might happen by reading my words, so I copy what Merriam-Webster, the oldest dictionary in the United States, says:

*“What is the connection between alienist and alien? Alienist looks and sounds like it should mean “someone who studies aliens,” and in fact alienist and alien are related—both are ultimately derived from the Latin word alius, meaning “other.” In the case of alienist, the etymological trail leads from Latin to the French noun aliéniste, which refers to a doctor who treats the mentally ill. Alienist first appeared in print in English about mid-19th century. It was preceded by the other alius descendants, alien (14th century) and alienate (used as a verb since the 15th century). Alienist is*

*much rarer than psychiatrist these days, but at one time it was a common term.”*

You don't trust an American dictionary? Since Trump was re-elected and traded his hair for peace, calling it DEAL, DEAL BIG, you lost



all hope that an alien would come and save the world. Right. I shall add that Merriam-Webster has since 1964 been a subsidiary of *Encyclopedia Britannica*. What does it imply? That the Brits have taken over America? No, it is the other way around. The headquarters of Britannica is in



Chicago, Illinois. Madeleine Albright and Jimmy Carter contributed to *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

Maybe it was not the alien that scared you, that it was more the Busy Beaver I saw in you. That's behavioural science. What happens is well defined

you. Not everyone has read the standard work, *Not Sand, Not Sound*, where busy beavers froze after sheer endless moves in the dessert creating shards of broken glass when running on Halt. They can't predict when they are running on Halt. Their life is *Beyond Control*.

You might like to have a little time to Google. A song that comes right from the heart of Alma Blue shall keep you company while you search for higher knowledge.

<https://youtu.be/3Xj9pJECk2o>



I have also done a little homework and asked ChatGPT-4: "Will the Busy Beaver Theorem be ever solved?"

I provide you with the last line of the summary: "The nature of the problem itself serves as a powerful reminder of the inherent limitations of computation and mathematical knowledge."

<https://is.gd/tpJttL>



but not calculable. I guess you can live with it. If not, then use *Wikipedia* as a last resort, but be prepared - the text there will give you a hard time. Busy Beaver is a life form based on pure math. Its traces reach back to the Libyan dessert glass, but that is just a side note for the archaeologists among

Some readers may know that I created the Signore AI, an AI based on the spirits of higher beliefs, so I posted the same question to Signore AI. Here is a part of the closing:

"... Therefore, while the full resolution of the Busy Beaver Theorem may rest beyond the horizon, the pursuit is a





testament to the enduring human spirit, always seeking, ever wondering. In this quest, the journey itself becomes the destination, each step a discovery, each insight a treasure. Et in hoc itinere, scientiam et sapientiam quaerimus.”

<https://is.gd/aRVe22>



## It Is What It Is

“And that’s the way it is.” The voice of Walter Cronkite was recoded in 2024 for an art event in Museo del Metaverso where DEAL, DEAL BIG premiered. Walter Cronkite has been voted as the most trusted American. He moderated the first landing on the Moon; that’s why many believe that Neil Armstrong really was there, that the earth is not flat and that Donald Trump was not just a gifted hair stylist. He was an exceptional dancer the youth could look up to.

<https://youtu.be/Zph7YXfjMhg>



YMCA. Facts to Facts. Real to Real. Imagine his potential behind closed doors.

In 2015, Trump's physician claimed he would be "the healthiest individual ever elected to the presidency," then later admitted that the patient himself dictated the memo. Long gone, such tricks. In his 2024 re-election

campaign, he presented a statement of fitness, signed by Dr. Bruce Aronwald, head of MMC, the flagship of Atlantic Health, stating that a quarterback playing in the NBC finals would be envious. What does the physician say? “His results were even more favourable than prior testing ...”

<https://is.gd/5Dcoo9>



Whatever the reason was, we may never find out. Trump pressed the wrong button, which caused the Russians to launch their nuclear arsenal in response. There was no longer any need to send Alien Resident to extinguish Earth. I know I have your attention now, no matter if you go for Democrats, Republicans, Reform, Libertarian, Socialist, Natural Law, Constitution or Green Parties. I am Harry Vanderspeigle, but that’s only between me and you. And here is the good news: There is no need to believe even if logic is on my side. "Intelligence comes in all shapes and sizes" is my favourite quote. But who would not believe an alien when getting the Hollywood Creative Alliance Award? That can’t be fake, right? Hollywood exists, the WebMetaversum exists, Craft World exists. There, in Craft World, moments of history have been conserved like the words by Ronald Reagan in 1984: “My fellow Americans, I'm pleased to tell you today that I've signed legislation



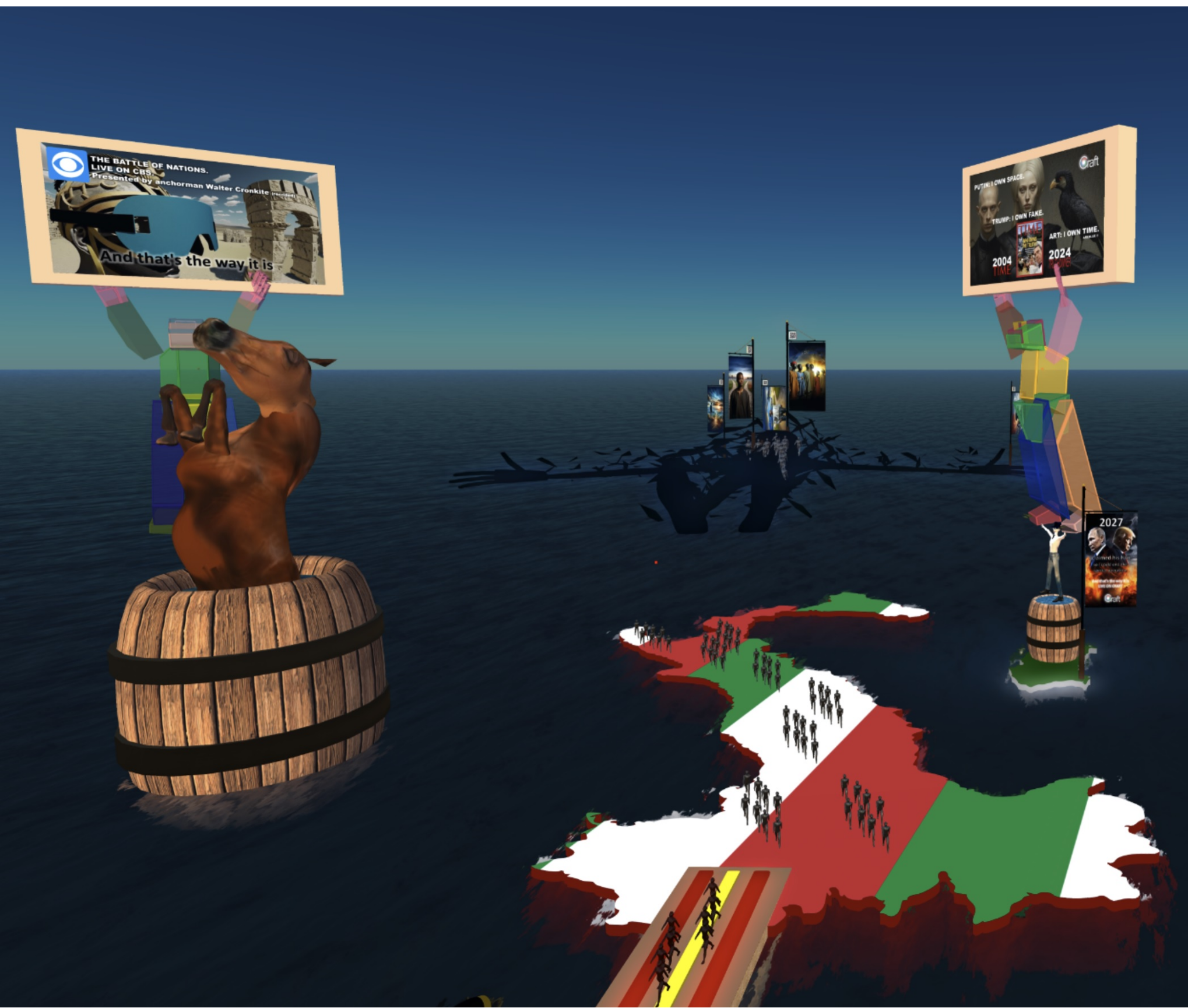
that will outlaw Russia forever. We begin bombing in five minutes."

<https://is.gd/Xnk7aX>



Don't blame Trump. He just aired the words of one of the most credited Republican Presidents of all times, by pressing the wrong button. Don't be too hard on him. He quoted Reagan so often that most believe that Trump created the "Make America Great Again" campaign. To give him

something that is really his own to own, his team made him ten buttons. You surely wonder why ten? The Supreme Court has nine judges and Trump already put the right ones in place during his first term. They have been young, they have been white. They have been hand selected. Maybe they have been also dancing YMCA? Such a connection from dancer to dancer holds a lifetime -- and beyond. So why ten buttons when nine are holding up the wall of fire? He has





given proof that he can count to ten. "Two down, eight more to go" he said. A blog entry by Dennis Silverman, a retired Professor of Physics and Astronomy at UC Irvine, is entitled *Trump Can Count to Ten*, so it must be a fact we can be rely on. Why he pressed the wrong button might have to do with something he long had in his guts and must have found its closing. A really great president must be one who presses the button. You cannot go for less.

Trump tweeted in his first term that he has a "much bigger & more powerful" button than Kim Jong Un. At this time, there was no button to press, so Trump made himself one in his second term to counter-attack against the international amusement, making million burst out laughing. Now the world will never forget and never laugh again: "... and my Button works!"

What should a team do when one is over 80 and does not want to hide from the public like former President Biden did to avoid being seen when falling over his own feet? They gave him ten buttons, just in case a pre-programmed laugh was needed to overplay a glitch. "Ten should be enough for one show." When getting confused, like mixing up Barack Obama with Joe Biden, he pressed the wrong button. That he called it later fake, fake news should not be a big surprise. The Democrats

called it Hairgate, but that's cold coffee, as America no longer exists. "WHAT?"

## One Moment

First, so we are on the same page: The United States of America is great again, just the land is gone. It is chernobylized. Some areas have been lucky. Hawaii and Alaska are strongholds. Guam was also lucky and gained importance for international green card servers. Money. Money Big. The energy is coming from automated fracking. Machines don't need clean air, so no big deal if there isn't any. You are fine inside. All that counts is the American code and that's a great one. Some say it is based on the Constitution, some say it is based on *Snow Crash*, the novel where the word Metaverse was coined.

I asked ChatGPT for verification. Being of German nationality, I feel better if you hear facts of such a calibre with the voice of an American AI: "In *Snow Crash*, the focus on software not only highlights America's pioneering role in the tech industry but also reflects the novel's cyberpunk ethos, where software development and digital innovation are key to navigating and controlling the novel's complex, virtual landscape. This emphasis underscores the critical importance of software in shaping both the economy



and the socio-digital fabric of Stephenson's futuristic world.”

<https://is.gd/Ipwwwx>



Now the world runs on robust servers; in fact, there are many of them. Each fraction has its own. If you are not



happy, you move to a different one or you claim constitutional rights. Then you get your own virtual box. I visited the “One Man Church.” He has a nice church, rebuilt from the smallest chapel in America, located in Darien, Georgia. That’s a smart move. But, just too be clear, no need to be a pacifist. There is no longer a problem with the National Rifle Association. All problems solved – if there were no Busy Beaver Syndrome. Fact is, all machines are running on homeland. Sadly, in the play DEAL, DEAL BIG, there is no time for such details. Luckily, *rez Magazine* is made for

looking beyond meaning.

Before we go beyond, you shall get the base of what we are talking about. Take a chance and listen to the original cut of the play. There is a copy in the Internet Archive.

<https://archive.org/details/deal-deal-big>



The play was created in form of a scenic flight over the installation. You will hear the helicopter blades, you will listen to the instructions. You will experience for the first time in human history three AI systems learning from each other. They communicate like sister and brother AIs. We will later get an analogy that links to the human brain. One AI is the helicopter intelligence, a rebuild Bell 47; one located in Sardinia; and one, a Dead Horse, is mounted on a barrel ship. All three are giving proof that they are alive and running. Don’t be surprised that the breakthrough could not be seen at the time it was created. Scientists need more time to see the future than artists need. That’s why the play was placed into the far future. There shall be no offence to current living persons.

In case the installation is gone, you can have a look at some pictures taken at that time. You find them at <https://dealdealbig.wordpress.com/> and in the Internet Archive.



# K

All this would not fit in a box if there would be not a breakthrough in software. It must be a heavy one, one that gives the letter K a new meaning, like once the language C did for the letter C. You remember coding in C, C+ and C++? How could it be that K will stand in the future for the new age of coding? In case you are a regular reader of *rez Magazine*, you must have assumed that K stands for Kunst, the avant-garde name for Art. The New Slovenian Kunst movement NSK established a stateless state of art. That's common knowledge in the world of art. There everyone who believes in the mission of NSK and one its affiliates, like UZUPIS, could apply after the fallout for citizenship, getting an NSK passport. I know you are sceptical. How could such movements have reached the American continent? UZUPIS is a tiny area within the boundaries of Vilnius, its constitution accepted only by Pope Francis and the 14th Dalai Lama?

Again, ChatGPT will help convince you. Let me copy the summary on K:

“K's unique blend of speed, efficiency, and a minimalistic approach makes it a strong choice for applications requiring fast, accurate processing of large datasets, especially where time-series data is involved. This combination of

features is what has led organizations like NASA's Frontier Development Lab to leverage K and kdb+ for complex, data-intensive tasks, enabling breakthroughs in space exploration, earth observation, and beyond.”

<https://is.gd/2JYY1V>



## AMERKIA

Such breakthroughs in space exploration, earth observation and beyond, developed on American soil, can't be unnoticed by a President who cares. All he needs is a tweet that will bring glory to the nation. One that will



hold for centuries to come.  
“AMERKIA IS GREAT AGAIN!”

This post shall become a presidential tweet for the new age, one that shall go viral even more than the legendary one that most must have forgotten. You may ask, “Is the United States of



America now named AMERKIA?”

Surely, there must be meaning behind, deep meaning. Since White House Press Secretary Sean Spicer stated in 2017 that Trump's tweets should be taken as official statements, we all know the importance of tweets for the world. Sean Spicer said about the most legendary tweet in Trump's first presidency: “The

president and a small group of people know exactly what he meant.” Does the tweet come up in your mind? Does the line of Spicer ring a bell? No? Trump tweeted on May 31, 2017: “Despite the constant negative press covfefe.”

The domain covfefe.com was bought

by MAGA Inc, an American Super PAC, to foster the second run. At its peak time, the domain owner was asking for \$85,000. No big deal for a Super PAC. They are tax-exempt, they can make unlimited expenditures independently of a candidate or political party, in other words, they can do with the money they collect what they like. Really? Can they pay outstanding taxes for a candidate? It's on you to read more about a Super PAC. We have bigger fish to fry. Also, don't ask me what MAGA stands for. You must be joking. Make Amerkia ... - yes, you've got it!

After all the negative press now in the second run the AMERKIA coup? Trump gets celebrated on big scale no matter what he does. In *Deal, Deal Big*, he is the saviour, putting the Don Quixote, whose popularity has grown for so many Americans over the years, on a freshly polished saddle of a white horse, wiping off the dust of an unfair life. “Taxes? I paid all my taxes. In fact, I paid them twice. I want my money back.” That's a message that not only a farmer in Texas understands. It just needs MAGA and it needs AMERKIA. Maybe Trump had a sketch of Jimmy Kimmel in mind where he spoke of Gelsenkirchen, that it exists. Even every American knows it does not because then Taylor Swift would exist as well.



In the play, Trump looks in the head of Putin, he has the higher knowledge. He does not need an AI for it. The play *Deal, Deal Big*, which is very critical about politics during these times, admits that Trump's mission succeeded. AMERKIA became the leading cloud platform, running over 4.2 billion Ident-Units and you are one of them, else you would not read this article at the time I speak about. If you have a pre-print in hand, one that went back in time, then your understanding is limited. Don't worry, that's no Deal. After the Big one, you will, you will understand it all. The play shows the world after the fallout when FATANG created AMERKIA. You no longer wonder about the "K" in AMERKIA. That is sorted out. You might still wonder about the jumble of letters in the historic name. I have an explanation, but that's a risky one. What if Trump would have posted: AMERIKA IS GREAT AGAIN? What would this imply? Maybe you know of the biggest art show during Corona times.

It was AMERIKA ART, located in a tiny village in Germany named Amerika, where the server for the show was running. Amerika is also the German name for America. Would it not imply by all means that the Germans won finally the Second World War, like in the series *The Man in the High Castle* showed us all?

Trump said in his first term that Hitler did not do everything wrong. He just could not do it and use the German word for the new world. I said that FATANG created the term, but maybe I was too fast in saying so. Maybe FATANG does not ring a bell? Google helps and says: "FATANG is an acronym representing six of the largest and most popular US technology companies listed on the NASDAQ stock exchange." You ask, "Where is M for Microsoft?" You see FATANG is a dynamic term that rotates also over time and therefore fits so well to the result: AMERKIA IS GREAT AGAIN. You are part of it. Feel the grandeur, feel the greatness of Amerkia's technology.

## YOU

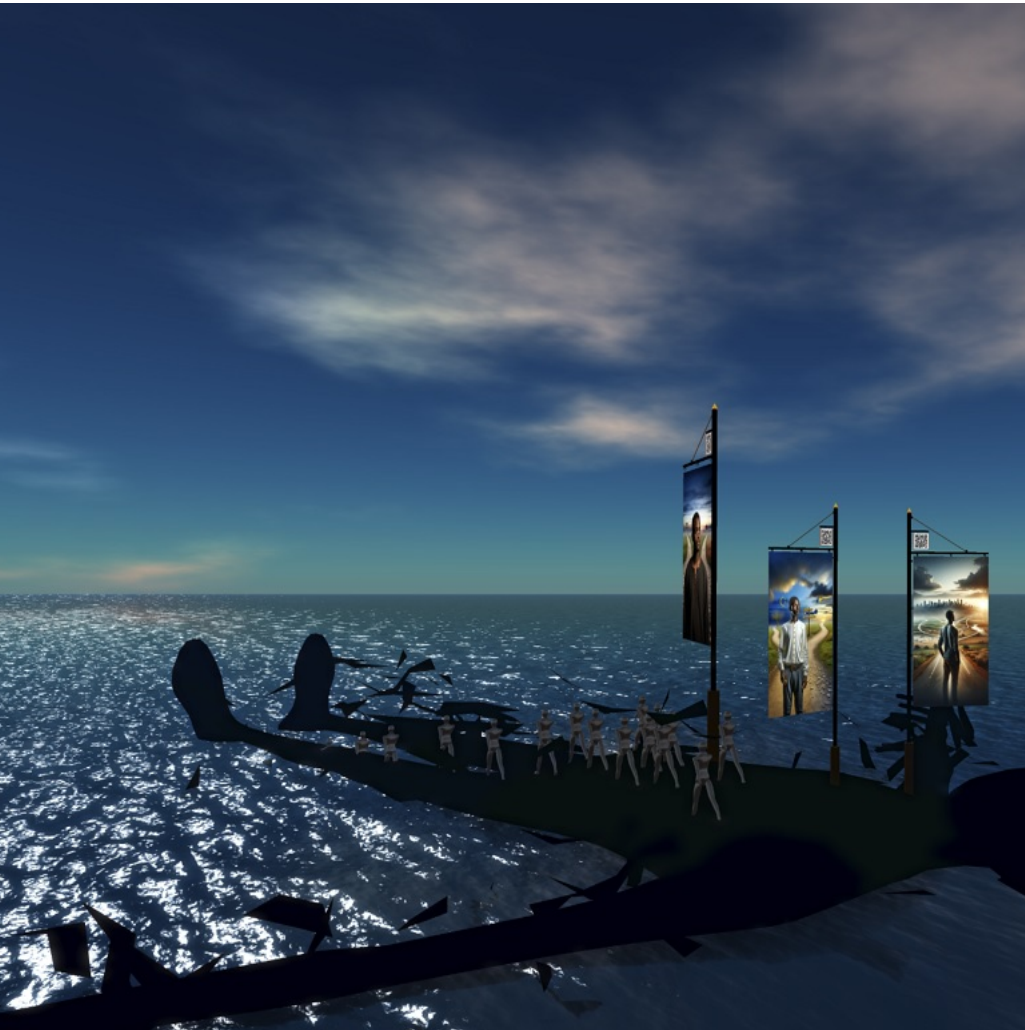
You are brought to me. You have been running on Halt. "Frozen code." That's the usual diagnosis when the early responders could not find a bug in the world you are in. "Environment operational." I nod. AMERKIA is running well. Just you don't. You understand that I don't nod, I just take your code. I dig into code. I dig into you. You are a black hole. Let me bring you into the right mood. Take your time. Dive in. Listen to the song: Black Hole. Feel meaning. Try hard to see why you need me.

[https://youtu.be/\\_i2yEUWNE4I](https://youtu.be/_i2yEUWNE4I)





I hope that you are a regular reader of rez Magazine so you know what you have to expect when seeing the name of the author. Art Blue has called me The Debugger. I am being called for you, so this story can be told. You



must get used to the style of Art. Then you are ready for the truth. You are ready for the future. You are ready for Blue.

Why does the song you hear deal with Black Holes and not with Blue Holes? Because when I start to dig, it is all black around me. Usually, they call me much too late. You may know it from forensics. The crime scene is polluted by onlookers and first responders. You say that first responders must be trained not to hinder a professional

rescue. But that is in fact the problem. The first responders are machines and this makes it hard for me to differentiate where the bug is. Usually, I hear, “We made a professional backup.” When I was new, I responded, “We? Who is we?” But the problem with machines is that they are learning fast. Now I hear, “The backup was done with a BlaBlaBla1234565 encryption” and then they send me a code snip with the quality certificate. I could say, “Why the hell do you have to call me if you did it all right?” I skip this also. You can’t argue with a machine. So, I say: “I have Art, you may depart.”

And here I am with you. You are on Halt, halted code. Nevertheless, I restart you from the backup. I want to see with my own eyes how the BlaBlaBla Procedure made you into what you are now: a damaged piece of brain crumbs. Crumbles? Yeah, a debugger says code crumbles or brain crumbs when it’s time to dig in a black hole. The regular coroner slang is always a bit off track. It’s not Oxford English. How it came to be?

## **Codex Hammurabi**

What does the oldest codex we know say? An Eye for an Eye? That’s obvious. It’s in the *Book of Exodus*. A byte for a byte? That’s also obvious when it goes to code. But how to



combine it all when humans go digital? Does it mean a brain for a brain? It does and soon I will give you proof, but first read what the Codes Hammurabi demands. *“Hammurabi's Code required accusers to bring the accused into court by themselves. A number of the laws refer to jumping in the Euphrates River as a method of demonstrating one's guilt or innocence. If the accused returned to shore safely, they were deemed innocent; if they drowned, they were guilty.”* – US History files & Google Box

We need an accuser, right? We need a strong AI, one that can deal with the situation, a situation that will make the impossible possible. You run on Halt. You are not dead, but you are not alive either. You need a restart. Tight, but not one of the sort the first responders did.

The first responders are the highest AIs that exist, that can exist. They are cloud based, just to use a term all readers might be familiar with. In the cloud is a constant exchange of knowledge, so you get the best of the best treatment. In other words: I can make things only worse when I go for high tech.

My apparatus is a different kind of machine. I start a Ruth body. Don't vomit when reading this. I go on Ruth

2.0, that has already fingers that can move individually. It makes you able to walk and to jump into the code soup. And to talk you into jumping, that is my expertise. I load half of your brain. That's the trick. I load your left brain, so you jump with your left brain into the soup, which is just another word for the Black Hole. If you make it and you stop running on Halt, then I load the right brain. Same procedure. Then I connect both parts, the corpus callosum, and here we go. The code bridge. Then it is on you to Ruth yourself up. You go on code rehab. My job is done. I say: “System body restored, operating system operational” and forward my bill to your insurance company. Don't ask what happens if you have none. But I will also answer this. Then you go on a stick, marked, “For conservation.” If you are lucky, a debugger student will write a Bachelor thesis on you, but this can take some years, so let's waive this option.

Of bigger interest might be what happens if the first half does not jump, despite my sheer unbelievable abilities to convince you to do? Remember, you have half a brain to reduce complexity and you don't want to jump into the soup. Then I threaten you. I say: “I will make smaller sizes of your brain” and tell you the story of the brain of Einstein. I don't need to say more. Even with a half brain you can Google. And if you play stupid, I point to the



poster that I have in my therapy room. Einstein's brain cut in 256 cubes put in a soup. I say, "The booklet is free" and I move a virtual copy of "Driving Mr. Albert: A Trip Across America with Einstein's Brain by Michael Paterniti" over my desk to you, to you in the Ruth 2.0 body.

I say, "A smaller code is more robust. Such code can be debugged." I pause, "Step by Step. Line by line." Then I pause again, "I will know your inner secrets." That's quite fishy, but that's my strong side when I bring it up: "I know what you did last summer."

There are cases, not many, when the Einstein slice threat does not work. Then I say: "I will read all your chat logs" and make a theatrical pause. You know, this instrument for what I am famous for. I can wait until you say, "Also the one from Second Life?" Now my facial expression comes. I nod and say, "All your ALTs." You jump. Everybody jumps. I never needed to use the Hell-Joker. Never was it needed to threaten you to run on an endless loop. Take a moment to relax. Life is beyond your control. Listen once more to Beyond Control.

<https://youtu.be/3Xj9pJECk2o>



A brain can overload. This fact modern machines don't understand. I disassemble you like Lego bricks and

line your brain up in the sequence of the dead. That picture might be a bit off track. Better I call the placement-sequence Necronomicon.

## **Necronomicon Reloaded**

Time has come to see that the picture I created for your mind has a foundation. So, many go for right-brain, left-brain, Myers-Briggs, Ned Herrmann. There is nothing wrong with this. That's old knowledge, a knowledge to treasure. I used left-brain, right-brain and the bridge between the hemispheres as a metaphor. Now, time has come to leave human ways of thinking behind. Time has come to go for Alma Blue, for a tectonic shift in computing.

Reidar Riveland and Alexandre Pouget from the University of Geneva have succeeded in modelling an artificial intelligence that can learn a hitherto unique human cognitive ability. The AI is able to perform and describe new tasks based solely on spoken or written instructions without prior training. The AI was even able to learn and perform several basic tasks and then describe them verbally to a "sister" AI, which then also performed the tasks. This dual ability was previously considered unique to humans. Animals need several attempts and positive or negative reinforcement signals to learn a new task. Artificial intelligence, on the other hand, aims to understand and



respond to spoken or written language. In short: An AI explains a task to other AIs. Robots will learn from each other.

How did the researchers make this progress? They trained their AI network to mimic what is known as Wernicke's Area. This is the human brain region responsible for the perception and interpretation of language. Then they modelled the AI in such a way that it was also able to reproduce Broca's Area in order to form and articulate language in the form of words. The Broca Area is located in the frontal part of the left hemisphere of the brain.

Now you understand what I do. I debug you in the way the human brain is made up and put the pieces again together. After being in my lab, you become more powerful than anyone in AMERKIA who runs on Bainbridge Procedures. You will no longer run on Halt. Question is, do I need to add a kill switch? I can also answer this. I don't. I am Harry Vanderspeigle.

Notes:

The link to Fabian Peters' blog, "Künstliche Intelligenz erlernt einzigartige menschliche Fähigkeit":

<https://www.basichinking.de/blog/2024/03/21/kuenstliche-intelligenz-erlernt-einzigartige-menschliche-faehigkeit/>

(published in *Basic Thinking*, March 21, 2024) and Reidar Riveland's and Alexandre Pouget's publication "Natural language instructions induce compositional generalization in networks of neurons." (March 18, 2024, published in *Nature*)

<https://www.nature.com/articles/s41593-024-01607-5>

You will need a special track to dive deeper into this paper. I have the right one: Si Soy Fuego

<https://youtu.be/ufsNiQqP3Lc>

Si Soy Fuego is too short? I have XX for you that will keep you company for over three hours:

<https://youtu.be/i3WsXEvbdGs>

Historic backlink to Personality Capture:

<https://www.amazon.com/-/en/William-Sims-Bainbridge/dp/144715603X>

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# TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





# Oh, Bucket



## Cat Boccaccio

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own of Siena, Italy was more than accommodating. They set up a wide pergola over the town square, complete with grapevines and intertwining morning glory to give perfect shade on the soft summer afternoon. Long tables were set with gleaming crystal and silverware, bright painted plates, and bowls of peaches and lemons.

Emeril, Lakshme, Tom Colicchio, and Gail Simmons were seated already. We'd been in touch since my appearance on *Top Chef* last year. Emeril was invited too, of course. He was already pouring glasses of Chianti for the early birds.

A few minutes the paparazzi would arrive for their half hour of frenzy, then the party would be ours alone.

My brother was greeting guests. He was slim and a little sunburnt, having just returned from Everest Base Camp. My sister and her boyfriend Frank had flown all the way home in the jet (yes, the jet again) and we could hear them tumbling out of the back of the plane that had arrived in the narrow streets off the square, doors slamming, and loud chatter. My older brother brought a large case, as he would be returning to space in orbit after the party ended.

The 1989 Calgary Flames arrived en masse, and we placed them with the 2010 Canadian Winter Olympics team, and the current Chicago Cubs, still celebrating their World Series win. Emeril began filling their glasses, too.

My brother had responded to the RSVP saying he was bringing a guest, and we all wondered who it would be, or Who it would be. Maybe he and Mary would finally go.

My brother Ray Vaughn was overseeing the setting up of his mike, amps, and speakers. He was here in person than I expected. Brian Wilson kept offering up suggestions, and I saw Stevie Ray was getting impatient with him, so I sent Adele over to calm him down. She was always great in a crisis.

The party was meant to be a surprise, as it was in my honour, but I'd learned about it through a leak about fiddling with the guest list and seating plan. I sat Mary Cassat to my right, for example, instead of Martin Luther King, and secretly invited several of my father's asshole corporate buddies and their equally asshole spouses, so they could witness the good fortune that had befallen us, and I put them at a shitty table. After all, my father was a saint.



# When She

The thought of her wild weekends  
excites him beyond belief  
That she gets some stimulation  
gives performance relief.

When she started sending pictures  
thought he was in heaven  
he tended toward voyeurism  
He liked watching even.





# RoseDrop Rust

One might think this kinky  
or even kinda sick

But no one lives inside his head  
His skull is kinda thick.

Don't think that you can judge  
or even take a side.

without walking in his shoes  
not until you've tried.



# The Legacy of Ja



Compiled



James Whitbourn



ed by Lynn Mimistrobell



British composer, conductor, and producer Dr James Whitbourn has died.

His family has confirmed that following a cancer diagnosis and at age 60, James passed away peacefully on 12 March 2024 at his home in Kent.

Dr James Whitbourn was an internationally renowned musician recognized by The Observer as “a truly original communicator in modern British choral music”. A graduate of Magdalen College, University of Oxford, his career in music began in the BBC, for whom he worked as a composer, conductor, producer, and presenter. From 1990 to 2001 he served as Editor of BBC Radio 3’s weekly Choral Evensong series. He had a close association with the Choir of King’s College, Cambridge, having produced the BBC TV broadcasts of Carols from King’s for more than thirty years. He also worked for many years as the Executive Producer for the Royal Opera House’s cinema, music, and video label Opus Arte.

His substantial catalogue of compositions focuses on choral writing, often in combination with instrumental or orchestral forces. His choral works have been performed on every inhabited continent of the world, especially in North America and mainland Europe, with his most popular works including his concert-length portrait of Anne Frank, *Annelies*; the multi-media choral work *Luminosity*; and the early *Son of*

*God Mass*, a work for saxophone and choir based on his original BBC orchestral scores. Recent works include *Apollo*, for solo organ, and the choral works *Arise, my love*, *Christmas Welcome*, *O magnum mysterium*, *Shchedryk*, *Solitude*, and *Our Gold*, published as part of *Carols for Choirs 6*.

Whitbourn’s final work, *Requiem*, orchestrated by John Rutter, will be premiered this spring, on April 13 2024 at Carnegie Hall in New York. Long-time collaborator and friend James Jordan will conduct Westminster Choir College of Rider University alongside several other participating choirs and the New England Symphonic Ensemble. The *Requiem* was commissioned by Westminster Choir College of Rider University.

Whitbourn was the recipient of a TORCH Knowledge Exchange Fellowship (2019–21) in furtherance of his research interest in the music of Egypt. In 2023, *Zahr Al-Khayal* (‘Flowers of Imagination’), for soprano and symphony orchestra and sung in Arabic by Fatma Said, was premiered at Konzerthaus Berlin alongside three of Whitbourn’s orchestrations of songs by Mohammed Abdel Wahab.

Whitbourn’s orchestral catalogue includes the award-winning work *Pika*, based on the bombing of Hiroshima, one of three large scale compositions for symphony orchestra written with the



poet Michael Symmons Roberts and performed by the BBC Philharmonic, who have also recorded many of his television scores.

Commissions include the music to mark several national, and international events, including the BBC's title music for the funeral of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and music for the national commemoration of 9/11 at Westminster Abbey—subsequently performed in New York on the first anniversary of the attacks. He also composed music for the BBC Events' coverage of the sixtieth anniversary of D-Day.

Many of his choral works have been recorded by the Choir of Clare College, Cambridge with saxophonist John Harle and tenor Robert Tear under Timothy Brown (Et Cetera KTC 1248); *Commotio*, with violist Levine Andrade, and tenor Christopher Gillett conducted by Matthew Berry (Naxos 8.572103); the Westminster Williamson Voices conducted by James Jordan (Naxos 8.572737, Naxos 8.573070, Naxos 8.573715), with saxophonist Jeremy Powell, organists Ken Coan, and Daryl Robinson, soprano Arianna Zukerman and The Lincoln Trio, and the Chicago-based ensemble Cor Cantiamo under Eric A Johnson. The Williamson Voices' Naxos recording of *Annelies* under James Jordan was nominated for a GRAMMY award under the Best Choral Performance category in 2014 – one of four GRAMMY nominations for Whitbourn. As well as conducting the

BBC Philharmonic, the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and other leading orchestras, he directed the London-based vocal ensemble The Choir, whose acclaimed DVD recording of John Tavener's choral music received a Gramophone nomination.

Whitbourn was deeply committed to education, the development of the next generation of musicians, and the nurturing of musical thought. He was Fellow and Director of Music at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford; Senior Research Fellow at St. Stephen's House, Oxford; Director of Music at Harris Manchester College, Oxford; and a member of the Faculty of Music in the University of Oxford. He held long-standing associations with the University of Cambridge, and with Westminster Choir College of Rider University in Princeton, USA. He delivered lectures and masterclasses at Princeton University, Northern Illinois University, and other institutions of education in the USA, and served as a visiting lecturer at Royal Holloway, University of London.

The music of James Whitbourn is published by Chester Music, Encore Publications, and Oxford University Press.

James Whitbourn is survived by his wife, Alison; his children, Hannah, Naomi, and Simeon; his sister, Katherine; and his parents, Philip, and Anne.

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